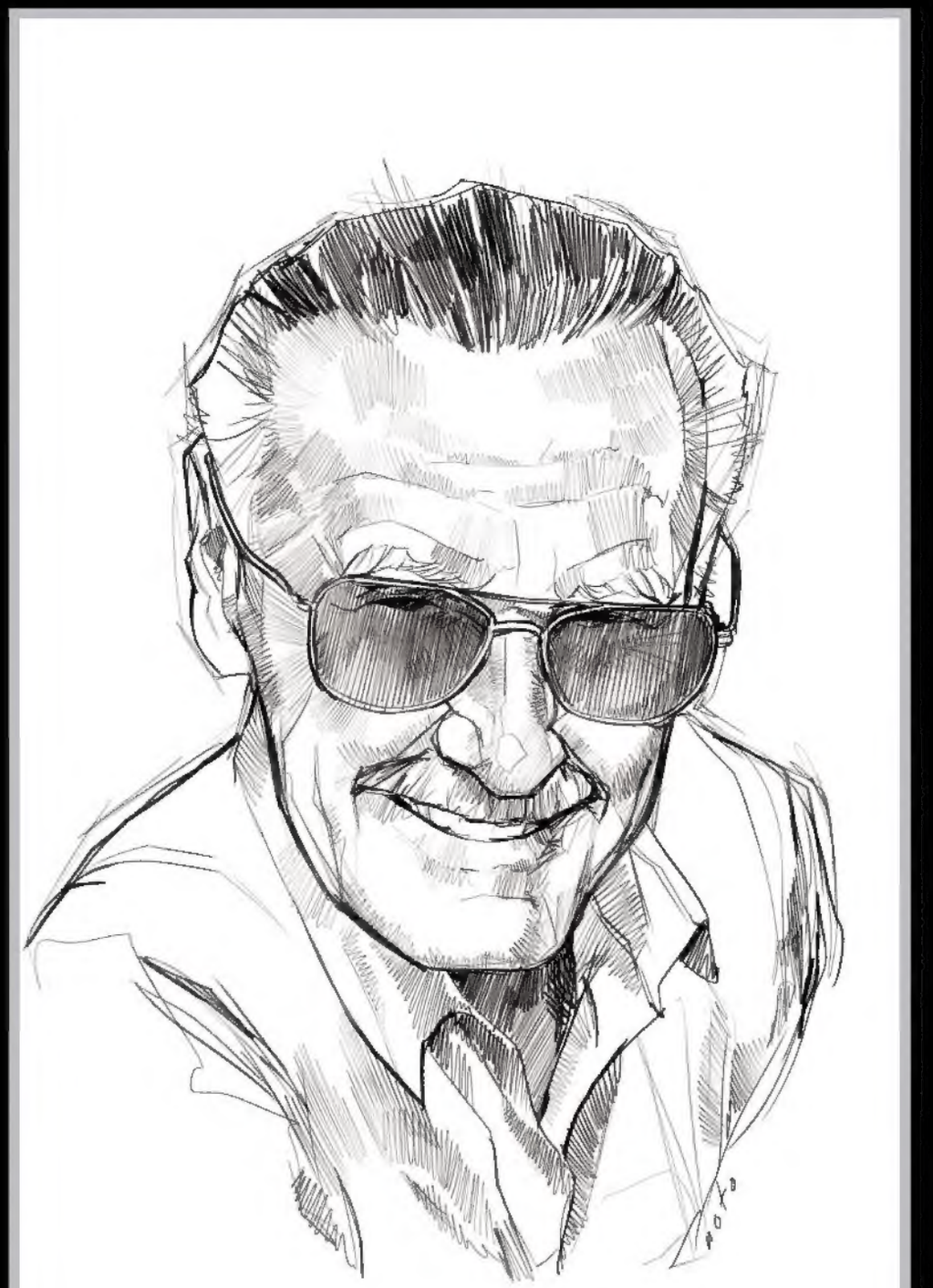
STAN LEE ▪ 1922-2018



STAN LEE
1922-2018

DISGRACED REPORTER **EDDIE BROCK** STUMBLED UPON AN AGGRESSIVE ALIEN ORGANISM, CALLED THE SYMBIOTE, DURING ONE OF THE LOWEST POINTS OF HIS LIFE. SHARING A SIMILAR NEED FOR JUSTICE IN THE FORM OF VENGEANCE, THE SYMBIOTE BONDED WITH EDDIE, AND THEIR UNION GRANTED HIM POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF SPIDER-MAN, AS WELL AS A NUMBER OF OTHER UNIQUE ABILITIES. TOGETHER, THEY NOW FIGHT CRIME AS THE WICKED WEB-SLINGER CALLED

VENOM

AFTER A MASSIVE BATTLE WITH AN ANCIENT SYMBIOTE, THE VENOM SYMBIOTE NO LONGER HAS A PERSONALITY OR VOICE. INSTEAD, IT IS AN AMORPHOUS ALIEN ORGANISM THAT RESPONDS TO THE SUBCONSCIOUS IMPULSES OF ITS HOST, EDDIE BROCK.

WORSE YET, THE CREATURE HAS BEEN TAMPERING WITH EDDIE'S MEMORIES, AS HE RECENTLY FOUND HIMSELF IN SAN FRANCISCO AT THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS ESTRANGED FATHER, CARL BROCK, WITH NO MEMORY OF HOW HE GOT THERE.

DESPERATE FOR ANSWERS, EDDIE TRIED TO SPEAK TO HIS FATHER, WHO AGGRESSIVELY REBUKED HIS ATTEMPTS AT RECONCILIATION, AND VENOM INSTINCTIVELY ATTACKED.

BARELY ABLE TO STOP THE SYMBIOTE FROM EATING HIS FATHER, EDDIE FLED AND TOOK REFUGE IN A VACANT ALLEYWAY, WHERE HE WAS APPROACHED BY A TEENAGER CLAIMING TO BE HIS HALF BROTHER, DYLAN BROCK!

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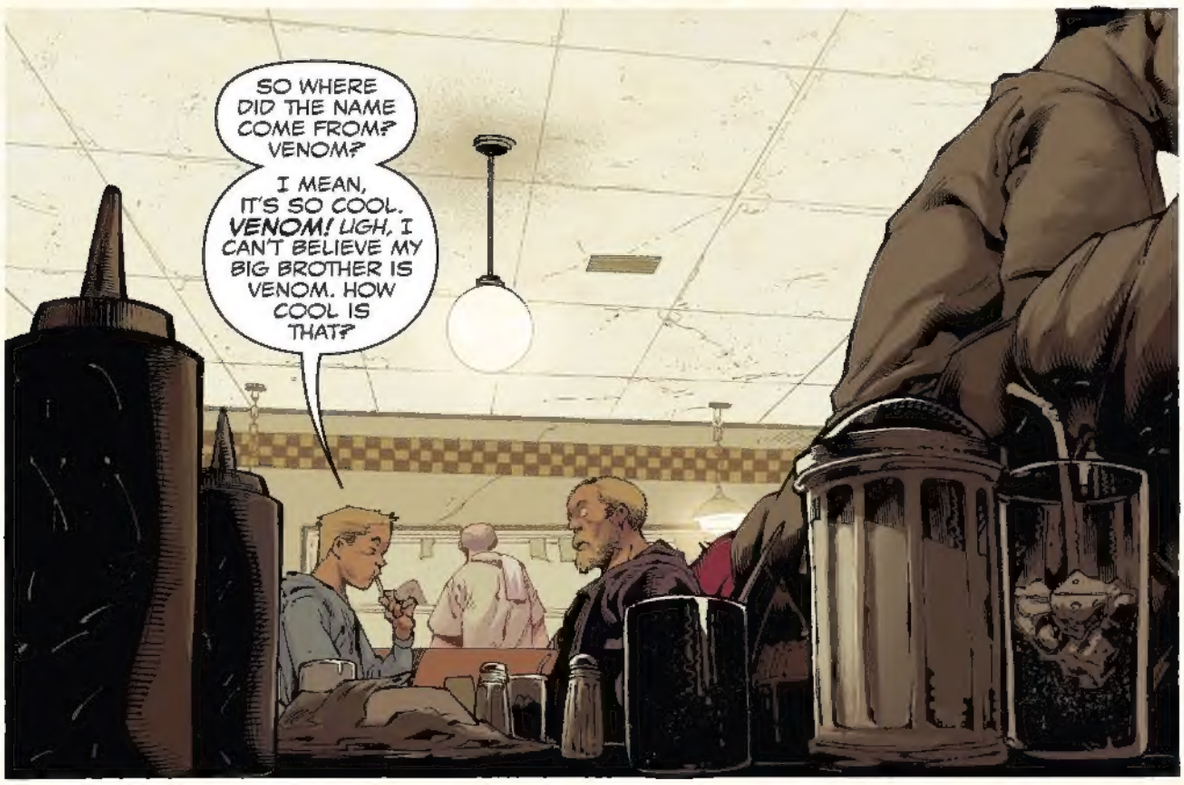
I FOUGHT A GOD WEARING A DAMN DRAGON AS A SUIT OF ARMOR NOT A MONTH AGO.

TRUE STORY.

SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN BURNED ALIVE, HUNTED ACROSS THE COUNTRY AND EXPERIMENTED ON BY A SADISTIC, ALTERNATE-UNIVERSE REED RICHARDS...

ALL TO FIND OUT THAT MY SYMBIOTE IS BRAIN-DEAD AND NO LONGER CAPABLE OF SPEECH OR FEELINGS.

OH, AND MY DAD PUNCHED ME TOO.



I THINK ABOUT ALL OF THAT. ABOUT ALL OF THAT PAIN AND MISERY AND HORROR...

...AND THEN I LOOK INTO THIS KID'S EYES.

DYLAN BROCK. MY NEW LITTLE HALF BROTHER...

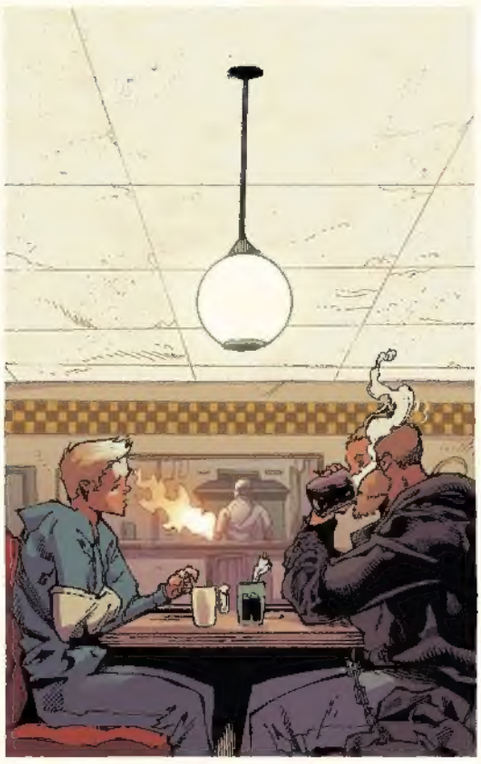
AND ALL I CAN THINK...

THIS KID AT SCHOOL, CHIP, HE SAID THAT VENOM ISN'T AS COOL AS SPIDER-MAN BECAUSE SPIDER-MAN HAS A CLEARLY DEFINED MORAL CODE.
WHICH, LIKE, YEAH, HE DOES. BUT I MEAN YOU'RE A GOOD GUY TOO, MOST OF THE TIME, RIGHT?
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? THE GOOD-GUY THING?
DON'T YOU HAVE A THING FOR "INNOCENTS"? WHERE DOES THAT COME FROM?

...IS HOW MUCH I MISS THAT DAMN DRAGON.

DUDE. I DON'T THINK THAT'S COOL.
WHAT?
YOU CAN'T PRETEND TO HAVE SERVED TO LET YOUR DOG INTO PLACES!
IT'S NOT A DOG. AND I NEVER SAID I SERVED. I SAID I HAVE PTSD. WHICH I DO. I FOUGHT A GOD LAST--
STILL, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A GOOD GUY! GOOD GUYS DON'T--
OLIVER

WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT WANTING ME TO KILL OUR DAD?



CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
WHY DOES HE HATE YOU SO MUCH?
OLIVER

AH...YEAH... WELL...
LOTS TO HATE.

YEAH, BUT WHY?
WHEN I WAS A KID...I... THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT.
YEAH, THE CAR ACCIDENT. PUT DAD IN SOME KIND OF FINANCIAL THING AND HE NEVER GOT OVER IT OR SOMETHING. BUT THAT NEVER MADE ANY SENSE TO ME 'CAUSE--
KID.

JUST... LISTEN.

"I WAS JUST A DUMB KID. I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER. JUST OUT HAVING FUN.

"IT WAS JUST US THEN. MARY HAD ALREADY GONE TO--"

WHO'S MARY?
MY OLDER...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION...

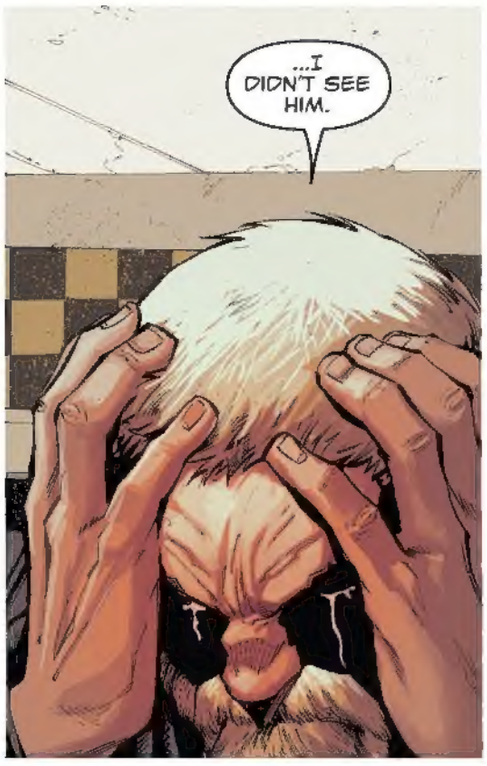
"I SHOULD HAVE REACTED.
EDDIE, NO!

"BUT BY THE TIME I SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, IT WAS TOO LATE.

"I STILL HEAR MY-- OUR FATHER IN THE DISTANCE SCREAMING."
"I STILL SEE IT PLAY OUT EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES.
EDDIE!
"IT'S MOSTLY CLIPS. LIKE A SLIDESHOW.
"BLOOD.
"METAL.
TNG
"SCREAMING.
"I CAN STILL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF IT WRAPPED AROUND ME.
OH MY GOD.

"CAN STILL TASTE THE BOOZE ON MY BREATH.
EDDIE...
CLINK
"THE NIGHT I BECAME A MONSTER."
EDDIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

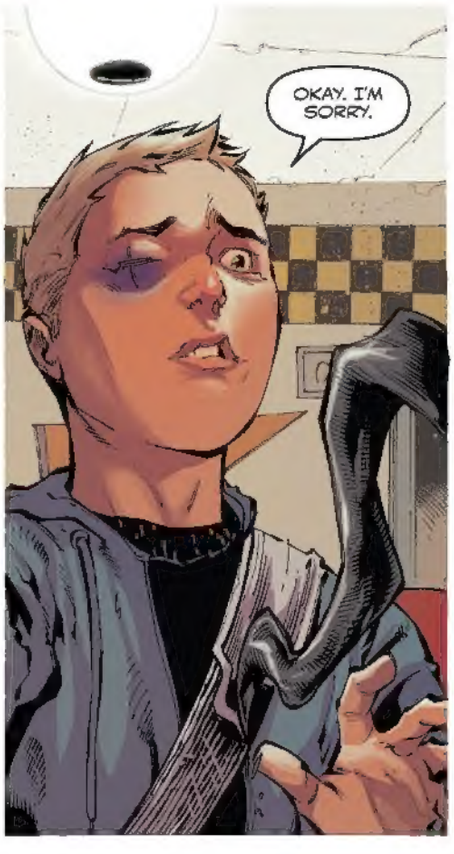
I STOLE THAT CAR FROM DAD. ME AND A FEW OF MY DIRTBAG BUDDIES HAD GOTTEN LOADED AND I WAS TRYING TO GET HOME BEFORE HE NOTICED IT WAS GONE, BUT...
MISS LEWIS NEXT DOOR WASN'T HOME. AND HER LITTLE BOY WAS OUT PLAYING. OUT PAST HIS BEDTIME. AND I...


...I DIDN'T SEE HIM.

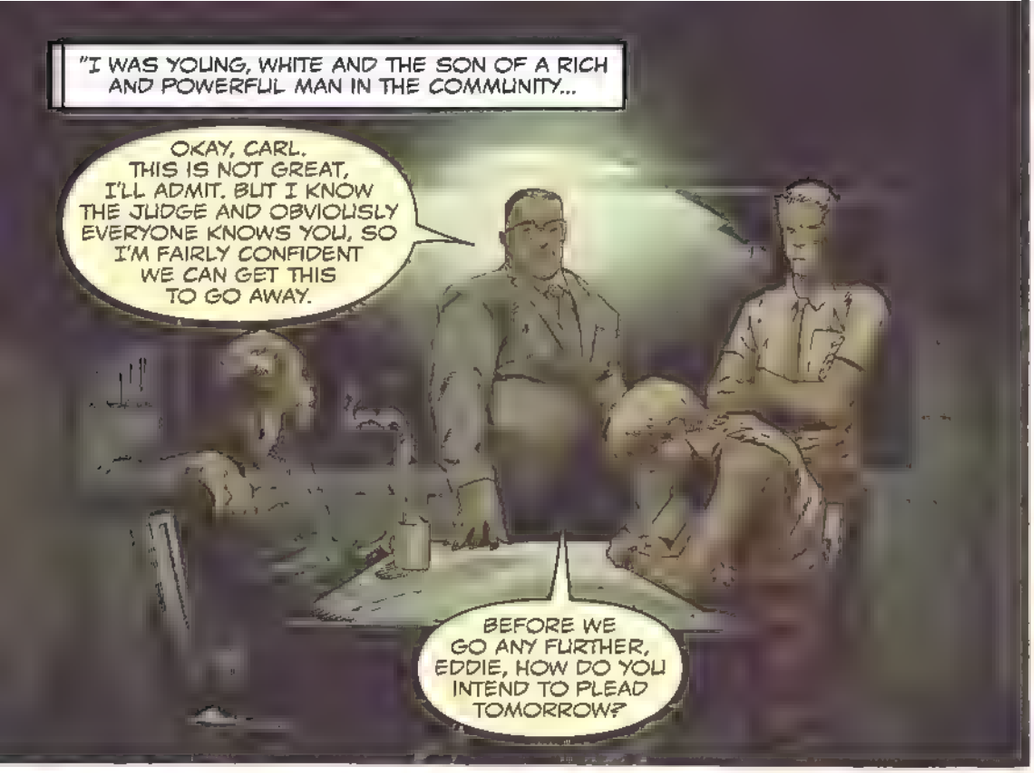
I--MAN, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT. I'M SORRY, EDDIE...
I DON'T THINK THAT MAKES YOU--

CHUNK

DON'T... TOUCH ME.


OKAY. I'M SORRY.

SO... YOU WERE IN THE ACCIDENT AND--
I KILLED A KID, DYLAN.
...
WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

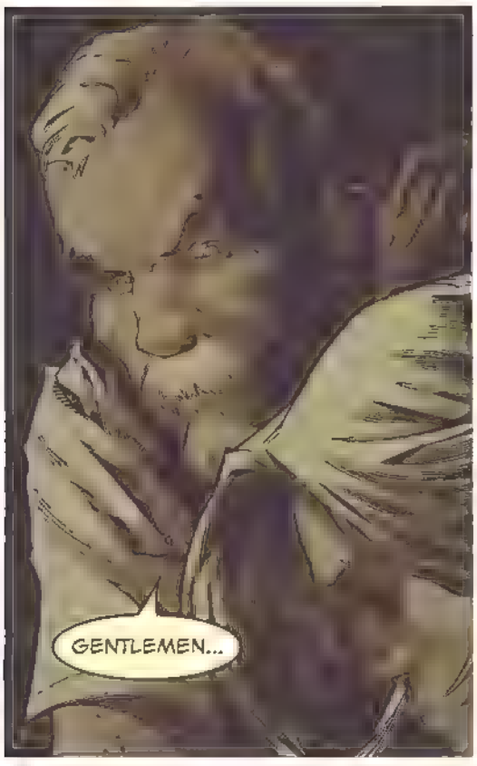

"I WAS YOUNG, WHITE AND THE SON OF A RICH AND POWERFUL MAN IN THE COMMUNITY...
OKAY, CARL. THIS IS NOT GREAT, I'LL ADMIT. BUT I KNOW THE JUDGE AND OBVIOUSLY EVERYONE KNOWS YOU, SO I'M FAIRLY CONFIDENT WE CAN GET THIS TO GO AWAY.
BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, EDDIE, HOW DO YOU INTEND TO PLEAD TOMORROW?

"...WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?"
GUILTY.

CARL... THAT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH TO WORK WITH.
EDDIE...

RETHINK THAT.

DAD... I KILLED SOMEONE. I KILLED AN INNOCENT CHILD.
I DESERVE TO BE--


GENTLEMEN...

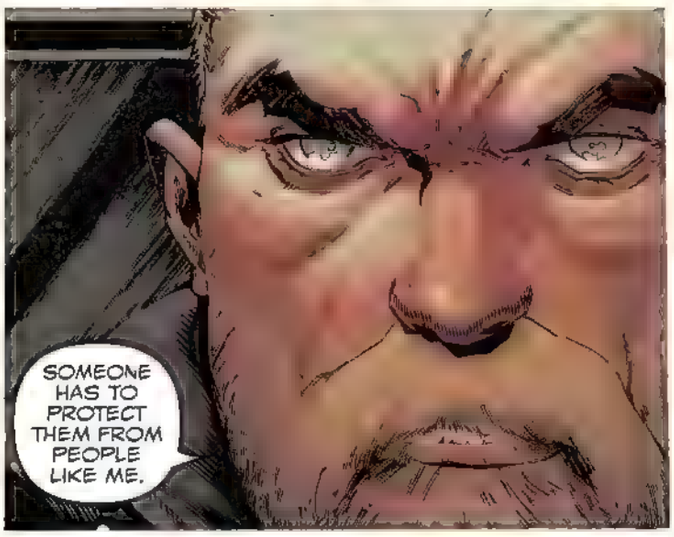
GIVE ME THE ROOM WITH MY SON FOR A MOMENT, PLEASE.

YOU ARE GOING TO WALK INTO THAT COURTROOM TOMORROW AND YOU ARE GOING TO PLEAD NOT GUILTY.
IS THAT CLEAR, EDWARD?
BUT, DAD...I AM GUILTY.
I KILLED--
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THIS WILL DO TO ME?
I WILL NOT HAVE THIS.
YOU WILL NOT PLEAD GUILTY.
YOU ARE INNOCENT.
NO! I DESERVE TO BE PUNISH--

MAK
DAD!
SAY IT.
INNOCENT!
BUT .I'M. A MONSTER.

SAY IT!
SAY IT!
SAY IT!
I'M...
I'M-- INNOCENT.
ATTABOY, EDDIE.
YOU JUST KEEP PRACTICING THAT.
CLEAN YOURSELF UP. WE HAVE A BIG DAY TOMORROW.
I'M INNOCENT.
I'M INNOCENT.
I'M INNOCENT.
I'M INNOCENT.
I'M INNOCENT.

I GOT OFF. DIDN'T EVEN DENT MY PERMANENT RECORD.
DAD PAID OFF THE FAMILY. AND THE LAWYER. AND THE JUDGE. AND THE HOSPITAL. NEARLY WENT BANKRUPT IN THE PROCESS.
HE'S HATED ME SINCE.



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SO, I TOLD YOU ALL OF MY MEAN STUFF. YOU WANNA FILL ME IN ON YOURS?
HUH?
YOU SAID WE NEED TO KILL OUR DAD...
I...I WAS JUST MAD.
I DON'T WANT HIM TO DIE, I GUESS.
I JUST...
I WANT HIM TO STOP HURTING ME.
... HE DO THAT TO YOU, HUH? THE BLACK EYE?
YEAH. IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TOO OFTEN. BUT HE... GETS MAD, AND IT'S LIKE HE--
YEAH.
TURNS INTO A MONSTER.
RIGHT. TAKES ONE TO MAKE ONE, I GUESS.
WHAT?
NOTHING. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. YOU GOT A PLACE YOU CAN STAY FOR A WHILE?
I THOUGHT I COULD STAY WITH YOU...
YEAH, SURE...

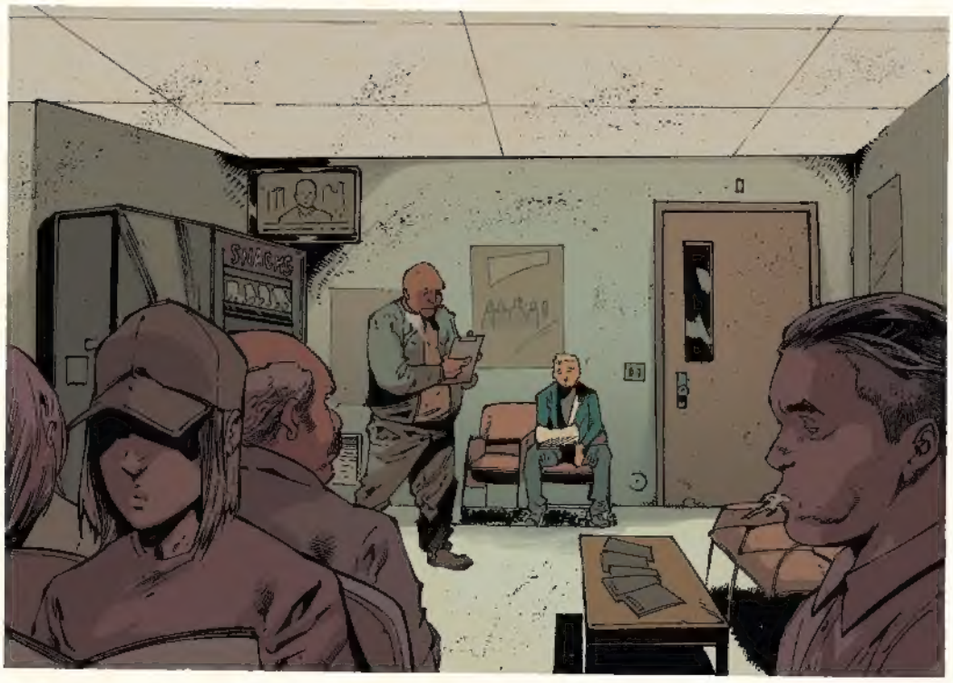
PICK ANY ROOM YOU LIKE.
THIS...THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST...LYING LOW OR SOMETHING WHEN I FOUND YOU...
THIS IS -COUGH- THIS IS IT, KID.
I TOLD YOU.
THERE -COUGH- REALLY AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK UP TO.
ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M FINE. YOU EVER REACH OUT TO YOUR AUNT MARY?
AUNT MARY? I DON'T THINK I HAVE AN AUNT...
DAMMIT. WHAT IS HAPPENING? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
WHAT? WHO ARE YOU--
MY OTHER... MY...
IT'S MESSING WITH ME. WITH MY MIND. I CAN'T...CAN'T FOCUS...
IT'S ERASING THINGS. I...I LOOKED IT UP. I WAS AT FLASH'S FUNERAL... IT MADE ME FORGET...
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?
ARE YOU SURE IT'S THE SYMBIOTE?
WHAT?

MAYBE YOU'RE INFECTED.
KN-KNULL?!
AGH! NO!
RRRRAAAHHH!!!
WE KILLED YOU!
WE KILLED Y--
YOU CANNOT KILL THE VOID, LITTLE HOST! I AM COMING!
KRAK!
GOD IS COMING!
AGHHH!!!

NOT WHILE WE ARE HERE.
WE FINISH THIS.
GOD DIES TONIGHT!
NO!
EDDIE, PLEASE STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
...WHAT? WHAT IS...
PLEASE... PLEASE, I'M SO SORRY.
JUST DON'T HIT ME AGAIN.
WHAT? YOU WERE...
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY AM I...

AGH!
WHAT IS...
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?
FWUMP
EDDIE, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? SHOULD I CALL THE--
NO!
GET AWAY FROM ME! RUN, DAMMIT!
I CAN'T -COUGH-...
CAN'T... HELP...
...YOU...
EDDIE!
...
EDDIE?

LATER...
TAL HOSPITAL



SNACKS
BROCK? DYLAN BROCK?
YOU ARE WITH EDDIE BROCK. YOU BROUGHT HIM IN?
HUH?
...YEAH.

WE NEED YOU TO COME WITH US.

WHAT IS YOUR RELATION TO EDWARD BROCK?
AM I IN TROUBLE? HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT ME, I DON'T--
WHAT IS YOUR RELATION TO EDWARD BROCK?
H-HE'S... MY BROTHER. I THINK.
YOU THINK.
WE HAVE DIFFERENT MOTHERS OR SOME--
OW!
IS IT SATISFACTORY?
IT IS.
VERY WELL. DYLAN BROCK, YOU MAY PROCEED.
WHAT IS HAPPENING? WHAT'S WRONG WITH EDDIE?
Oh, a great deal is wrong with Eddie.
There's the obvious post-traumatic psychic scarring that comes from fighting a god...
...and then there's the alien life-form attached to his central nervous system that has infuriatingly placed him into a coma-like stasis.
Aside from that?
To answer your *actual question*...

...he has quite a lot of cancer.
TO BE CONTINUED...

STAN'S SOAPBOX!

Hang loose, heroes! Now that I've got your ear, I'm not lettin' go! Our first tintinnabulating topic is gonna be: "The Marvel Philosophy." Whenever I get together with any of you frantic ones, the first question posed is usually "What are you fellas really trying to DO in your mags? What message are you pushin'? Is the whole Marvel series just a big put-on, or are you trying to TELL us something? Are you actually serious about your characters—do you really believe in 'em—? Etc." Well, just between us, we believe in our cavortin' characters a lot more than we believe in some people we know, and we do have a motive—a purpose—behind our mags! That purpose is, plain and simple — to entertain you! We think we've found the best formula of all—we merely create the type of fanciful yarns that we ourselves enjoy—and, if we like 'em, you oughtta like 'em, too; after all, you're our kinda people! Now then, in the process of providing off-beat entertainment, if we can also do our bit to advance the cause of intellectualism, humanitarianism, and mutual understanding...and to toss a little swingin' satire at you in the process . . . that won't break our collective heart one tiny bit! That's it, pussycat! Thanks for listenin'!

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